

NO. 17
APRIL-MAY

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

AMERICAN
MASTHEAD
AGE

HERBIE

12

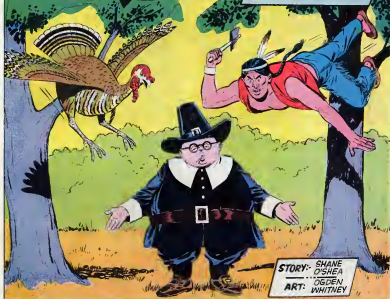
READ 'EM AND ROAR!
HERBIE-POPNECKER-PILGRIM!
plus
GRAND SURPRISE FEATURE.
Don't Miss It!



WISE GUY.

TIME FOR POPNECKER'S PERSONAL HISTORY OF AMERICA! HILARIOUS HISTORY, STRAIGHT FROM THE FAT HORSE'S MOUTH! WATCH IT UNFOLD BUT DON'T DARE TRY TO INTERFERE...NOT IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH, JACK! JUST BUTTON YOUR LIP AND COME ALONG WITH...

HERBIE in "POPNECKER the PILGRIM!"



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: ODEN WHITNEY

IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH...

WHAT?
OH,
N-NO!

SOMETHING...



THIS FIRM OF ATTORNEYS THAT JUST CALLED--THEY FOUND OUT SOMEHOW THAT I'M DESCENDED FROM MYLES STANDISH. AND...AND IT SEEMS THEY REPRESENT THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN ALDEN...AND...AND THEY'RE SUING ME FOR MILLIONS THEY CLAIM IS DUE THEM FROM A DEBT GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-FATHER STANDISH NEVER PAID THEM!



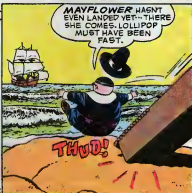
NEAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, IT WAS FOR MYLES' PASSAGE OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER. THEY CLAIM HE NEVER PAID IT...AND THE INTEREST HAS PILED UP OVER THE CENTURIES!

HAW-HAW-HAW!
NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO FUNNY IN MY LIFE...SUING YOU! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HIS DESCENDANT...

WHAT KIND OF DEBT?



HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, October-November, December-January. © 1966 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Springfield, Illinois 62766. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All addresses are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 17, Apr-May, 1966.





BURNING THE COLONISTS' CABINS... THAT WAS FREQUENT...



BUT HERBIE KNEW NOTHING OF THIS, HE'D COME HERE TO GET THE REAL LOWDOWN ON THAT DEBT--

MYLES STANDISH'S CABIN. FIND OUT FACTS FROM HIM.



MY, BUT HE'S UGLY.



CAME TO FIND OUT WHY YOU DIDN'T PAY PASSAGE OVER.

IS JOHN ALDEN STILL AFTER ME FOR THAT, JUST BECAUSE HE OWNS THE **MAYFLOWER**? WELL, THAT ROBBER WANTS 20 BUCKS, THAT'S WHY! IT ISN'T WORTH 20 BUCKS TO BE CARTED TO A COCKAMAMIE COUNTRY



YOU GO TELL THAT ALDEN THAT EITHER HE GIVES ME A BIG DISCOUNT ON MY FARE OR HE CAN WHISTLE FOR THE DOUGH, SEB?

DISCOUNT ON FARE, WHISTLE FOR DOUGH.



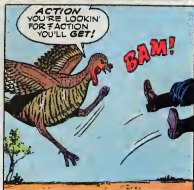
WHO'S GOT TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE COLONY IS IN DANGER? YOU TELL THAT JERKY STANDISH THAT IF HE CURBS THE INDIAN TROUBLE, I'LL CUT THE PRICE HE OWES ME, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!

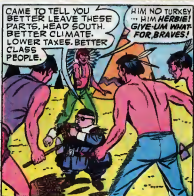
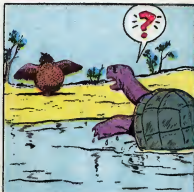
CURBS INDIANS, CUT PRICE. ONLY WAY.



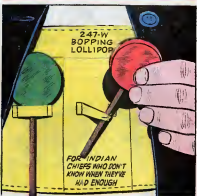
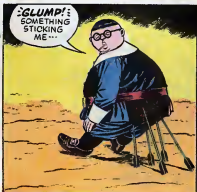
MYLES STANDISH SCARED OF INDIANS... WHAT DO I DO NOW? WHY CAN'T I THINK STRAIGHT?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)











ASKED
FOR IT.



YI! BIG
CHIEF, HIM
BOPPED
WITH THIS-
UM HERE
LOLLIPOP!



QUICK...
WE
SCRAM-UM
OUT OF THIS
TERRITORY!



...SO THAT'S
IT. INDIANS
MOVED OUT.
ALL DUE TO
...UH...MYLES
STANDISH, OF
COURSE.

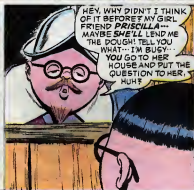


I'M A MAN OF MY
WORD. FOR THAT,
I'LL DECREASE
THE AMOUNT HE
OWES ME FOR
HIS PASSAGE ON
THE MAYFLOWER
TO \$7.98!



BIG REDUCTION
...PAY THE MAN.

SO WHO'S
GOT \$7.98
EVEN?



HEY, WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT BEFORE?
MY GIRL FRIEND
PRISCILLA...
MAYBE SHE'LL LEND
ME THE DOUGH! TELL
YOU WHAT... I'M
BUSY... YOU GO TO
HER HOUSE AND PUT
THE QUESTION TO HER,
HUH?

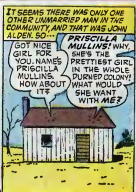


TCH. TCH.
EVERYBODY WANTS
ME TO DO THINGS...



YAS...?

PRISCILLA?
GOT MATTER TO
DISCUSS WITH
YOU. VERY
IMPORTANT.







AND SO...BACK TO 1966...

OH, MOM...HAVE I EVER GOT A PROBLEM! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



NOW, DAD... YOU MUSTN'T WORRY SO.

NOT WORRY...WHEN I'M LIABLE FOR THIS HUGE SUM OF MONEY JOHN ALDEN'S DESCENDANTS ARE SUING FOR! I'M INNOCENT AND SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY! OH, IF HEAVEN WOULD ONLY GIVE ME A SIGN---



I REPEAT, IF ONLY HEAVEN WOULD GET ME OFF THE HOOK... WHAT'S THIS?



April 16, 1620
Received from Myles Standish
for passage from England
to Plymouth, \$7.98, and 9
owe this character \$2.02
change from ten bucks.
John Alden

WOWIE-ZOWIE!
IT'S A RECEIPT FOR
THE PAYMENT OF STANDISH'S
FARE! ALDEN'S DESCENDANTS
HAVE NOTHING TO SUE
FOR...HEAVEN GAVE
ME THE SIGN!

NOT ONLY THAT. UNLESS
DESCENDANTS CAN PRODUCE
RECEIPT PROVING JOHN
ALDEN PAID MYLES
STANDISH \$2.02
CHANGE, YOU
CAN SUE
THEM.

SUE?
FOR SUCH
A TINY
AMOUNT?



WAS TINY AMOUNT...
3½ CENTURIES AGO. BUT
ACCORDING TO MY
COMPUTER LOLLIPOP,
INTEREST HAS INCREASED
AMOUNT TO SIX
MILLION
BUCKS!



THE HAPPY END...

HAPPY,
DAD?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING THAT COULD
MAKE ME COMPLETELY
HAPPY...AND THAT'S IF
I DIDN'T HAVE A
LITTLE FAT
NOTHING FOR
A SON!



The
END!

LOOK OUT FOR...

NEMESIS

---THE FABULOUS, FIGHTING COSTUME
HERO FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN!**

He's the
**GHOST
WITH THE
MOST**

...a
**PULSING,
POUNDING
POWERHOUSE!**

Follow HIS
BREATHLESS ADVENTURES
INTO MYSTERY
IN AMERICA'S
GREATEST SUSPENSE
STORY COMIC...



**ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!**



HERE'S HERBIE!



Don't miss "Herbie" # 18, our extra-special June-July issue—on sale middle of April! Featuring the fastest, funniest Herbie-Hero story ever! It's loaded with laffs and lard—stuffed with snickers and suet! It's "Calling All Cars! Bring In Fat Fury!"

Great story, that "Bring In Fat Fury", so bay, see? Great follow-up to "Poppecker The Pilgrim" and "Adventure At The Center Of The Earth", this issue's goodies. Well, that's that . . . can't waste anymore time here. Got to pop off on lollipop-buying tour. For company, will leave you letters from readers. Want your letter, too. Send it to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Advise you to. Otherwise, high hospital bills.

"Dear Herbie:-

Please don't pop me with this here lollipop, but I just found out about you. I think you are great. Your comic book is the best in the world! But you're wrong about having 4,318 laughs per page. Actually, you've got a million! I was wondering . . . could you send me a lollipop licked by you?

—Tom Bellows,
85 Allen Road, Longmeadow, Mass."

If just found out about me, you're just starting to live. I'm even luckier—found out about me years ago. About lollipop licked by me . . . difficult. Get one in mouth, can't let go.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Here's a song I wrote for you, to be sung to the tune 'We Love You, Beatrix'. We love you, Herbie—Oh, yes, we do! We love your fatness and we'll be true. When you're not with us, my, we're blue—Which goes to prove how we love you!

—Celeste Condon,
1140 Greenway, Greenville, Mississippi."

Very fine song, Celeste. Will practice singing it in fat voice. Sure you wrote such a wonderful song?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your comic 'Beware Of The B-Bomb' was terrific!! I'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind. (1) Why do you always keep the same expression? (2) How does everybody know you? Back in time and in distant places, almost everybody will say 'There's Herbie!'—or 'Hi, Herbie!' (3) How do you have so many lollipops

in that Lollipop Chest of yours? Because everytime I see you, there's a lollipop sticking out of your mouth. (3) Where were you born? Lastly, I congratulate Ogden Whitney and Shane O'Shea for fine art and stories. A fan forever—

—Mike Mueller, USOM Korea,
APO, San Francisco, Calif. 96301."

(1) Always keep some expression because very fine expression. (2) Why not? Everybody recognizes men and stars, don't they? (3) Not too hard keeping lollipop chest filled. Got standing order for 50 tons per week. (4) Never exactly born. Always was.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I like all of the American Comics Group comics, but I like your comic best! In fact, I think 'Herbie' is the funniest of all comics, on the stands, in displays, in stories or anywhere else. (And I'm not saying that so that I won't get bopped with your lollipop!) Ogden Whitney's art is great, too. And Shane O'Shea's plots are great, terrific, stupendous, colossal, gigantic—and they might even be called good! I only wish you were published more often!

—Keith Goldsmith,
1528 10th Street, Santa Monica, Calif."

Thanks, Keith. Sweet type. Would like to put you on head, but don't want to run risk of fracturing skull.

* * *

"Dear Herbie Fat Little Nothing Poppecker:-

The only thing I like about you is that you are great. You are also irresistible, fat, you love this here lollipop, fat, cute and cuddly, fat and stupendous. Also fat. My dad won't let me have the \$1.44 for a subscription. Please pop him for me. Please tell me how to be a fat little nothing like you, you fat little nothing. After looking at your magazine, I have made a startling discovery—you are fat!

—Willie Waiss,
876 So. Williams, Denver, Colorado."

What's this Fat Little Nothing business? Emphatically deny. Am Little Fat Nothing! Not easy to get this way, but being born great helps. Refuse

to bop your dad. Other fans glad to work in salt mine to get money for "Herbie" subscriptions.

Dear Herbie:-

I have been reading comics for 5 years and never have I read a comic which comes up to your standard. Getting your comics over here is almost impossible, but should I see 'Herbie' on the stand, I rush for it like a hungry dog for a bone. P.S.: Don't bop me with your lollipop—please, Herbie?

—K. Walby, 16 Firwd Terrace, Llanbradach, Coarphilly, Glam, S. Wales, Great Britain."

Admire your address, K. Walby . . . packs some punch as potent lollipop. Warn you against rushing for copies of my magazine . . . lot of people get hurt that way. Try begging your newsdealer . . . sometime works.

Dear Herbie:-

I think you and your comic are terrific, magnificent and spectacular, to name a few of your bad points. Your story concerning the B-Bomb was tops in satire. Herbie makes James Bond seem like a girl scout! 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker' really hit the spot. It's a shame the way modern history books twist the true facts. Hooray for Herbie!

—Mark Spiegel,
1130 Elker Road, Union, New Jersey."

Smart of you to like "Herbie" stories, Mark. All true. Every word. Why keep history a mystery? String along with me, get real loudnow.

Dear Herbie:-

Not that we don't like the idiotic things you do in your comics, but we were wondering if you could explain anything as stupid as just happening to have a bicycle pump in your pocket. And in No. 12—"Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye"—we'd like you to tell us how to steal fat off someone. We're real skinny and would like to try it sometime. If we can't steal any fat, would you please send us two butter fat lollipops? We are in great need of fat, no kidding! Why don't you bop someone with that there lollipop sometime? If you ever decide to, write and tell us who and where, so we can see how critically injured the person is. You've got a fabulous comic going there. Keep up the good work!

—Linda & Wayne Same!,
Winfield, Alberta, Canada."

What's strange about just happening to have bicycle pump in pocket? Often have. Also have butterfly net, dinosaur elbow, left-handed Indian peace-pipe. Never can tell when such things come in handy. Could tell you exactly how to steal fat from people with over-supply, but won't. Have too much to lose. Want your curiosity satisfied, will definitely be glad to oblige with demonstration of bopping with this here lollipop. Address: Winfield, Alberta, Canada. Subjects: Linda & Wayne Same!. Just wait around—won't know what hit you.

Dear Herbie:-

When I read your comics, I keep reading the same ol' corn from your readers about them going through your stories and liking certain ones. Well, I'm not like that, no sirees! I like 'em all and I got 'em all, every single one! And I hope I can continue to get 'em all! Only one of your ever-lovin', cotton-pickin' brainwashed fans—

—Robin (The Hood) Ryherd,
1721 Fairway, Beeumont, Texas."

You got "Herbie" blood in you, Robin The Hood? Like the way you put things. Right to the point. Like you too.

Dear Herbie:-

I have got something to tell you—so you'd better listen or I will bop you with this here golf club! Other comics I always look through to see if I like them—and if I do, I buy them. But when I see a 'Herbie' comic, I just walk over to the rack, pick it out and buy it without even looking inside. I'm tall and skinny and I think that a Little Fat Nothing like you should become tall and skinny like me. Why look so ugly when you can look like me? Matter of fact, I wish that you would come down to North Liberty, Indiana, so I could beat you up.

—Leon Ray Shupert The Great,
Box 444, North Liberty, Indiana."

Got news for you, Leon Ray Shupert The Great. Many of my fans never get to open book. Just put it under shirts, start laughing automatically . . . ecresm till blue in face. Tall and skinny, are you? Ugh. Not your fault, though. Not everybody can be handsome like me. You got cyclone cellars, in North Liberty, Indiana? Advice diving into one pronto. Cyclone about to hit North Liberty. Fat cyclone.

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS, ALL ASKING HOW HERBIE STARTED OUT! WAS HE ALWAYS THE HERBIE OF TODAY? WELL... HE WASN'T! THE WAY HE LOOKED, THE WAY HE SPOKE... ALL DIFFERENT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET HIM AS HE WAS... BACK AGAIN FROM OUT OF THE PAST IN AN EARLY HERBIE CLASSIC...

HERBIE and the SPIRITS!

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



IT ALL STARTED WHEN...

MOVING MEANT A NEW SCHOOL, AND I'M WORRIED! I --- I HOPE THEY LIKE HIM THERE!

I'M INCLINED TO DOUBT IT. LET'S FACE IT, DEAR...



...OUR BOY IS A LITTLE... WELL, **STRANGE!**



HEAR THERE'S A NEW FELLA COMIN' INTO OUR CLASS--A TRANSFER FROM THE EIGHTH WARD SCHOOL OVER AT DALTON.

THAT PLACE TURNS OUT THE BEST ATHLETES IN THE WHOLE STATE! WE'RE IN LUCK!





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

HE BIT ALL RIGHT---HE'S INSIDE ALREADY. NOW TO FOLLOW HIM AND SCARE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM!



BUT AS THEY ROUNDED A TURN IN THE OLD HALL---



YOU'RE NOT HERBIE!

NEVER MIND THAT---WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I RENTED THIS HOUSE TO CONDUCT MY EXPERIMENTS---

EXPERIMENTS? WHAT KIND?



CONTACTING THE SPIRIT WORLD! I'M A PROFESSOR OF THE OCCULT AND HAVE STUDIED THE SUPERNATURAL, CONVINCED THAT THERE CAN BE A JOINING OF THE SUPERNATURAL AND NATURAL WORLDS IN A SO-CALLED "HAUNTED" HOUSE LIKE THIS!

UH--- SEEN ANY GHOSTS, DOC?



OH, YES---**MANY** OF THEM! IN MY COMMUNICATION WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, I HAVE ESTABLISHED A DOORWAY HERE BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS. COME---I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!



HERE IT IS---THE DOORWAY THAT LEADS INTO THE **SPIRIT DIMENSION!** WHY, I HAVE ONLY TO UNLOCK IT, LIKE THIS---

THIS IS GONNA BE **RICH!** BOY, WHAT A LOONY!





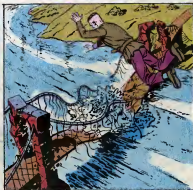
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK THERE! WHAT SAY WE STAY HERE AND TAKE OVER?

GREAT IDEA! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS CREATE ENOUGH CHAOS SPREAD ENOUGH FEAR AND THEY'RE BOUND TO SURRENDER TO US!

IT CAN'T MISS! I KNOW THESE HUMANS AND THEY'RE ALL CHICKEN!

AND SO...THE SPIRITS GOT TO WORK...

CR-RASH!



HEAR THE LATEST! A BIG WINDSTORM CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND BLEW FARMER HARKINS' HOUSE CLEAR INTO THE NEXT COUNTY, WITHOUT TOUCHING ANYTHING ELSE!

HIS FARM'S PRETTY NEAR HERE...MAYBE WE COULD GO OVER THERE AND GET SOME KIND OF LEAD TO ALL THIS MYSTERY!

DAILY NEWS JOURNAL
PANIC SPREADS AS STRANGE CATASTROPHES CONTINUE

NO NATURAL CAUSES CAN BE FOUND FOR THESE DISASTERS! IF THEIR CAUSE IS SUPERNATURAL, THERE IS NO DEFENSE AND WE ARE LOST!



LONG INTO THE NIGHT, HERBIE THOUGHT---AND THOUGHT---

ALL NONSENSE, I'D SAY! WHAT THE SCARECROW CLAIMS HE SAW---THE COW---THE PIG---THE CAT---**MASS ILLUSION**, THAT'S WHAT IT MUSTA BEEN!



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE SHADOW FELL UPON THE FLOOR, AND LOOKING OUT WITH A START, HE SAW---

GULP!



AT LAST, HE KNEW WHAT THE WORLD WAS UP AGAINST! NEXT DAY, AT A TOP LEVEL CONFERENCE HELD TO DISCUSS THE EMERGENCY---

THINGS CAN'T KEEP ON LIKE THIS!

IF ONLY SOMEBODY COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS BEHIND IT ALL, WE'D KNOW WHAT STEPS TO TAKE!

I KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT! GENTLE MEN!



HUH? HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE --AND HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?

NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS, START LOOKING FOR FOUR CHARACTERS---A **WITCH, A GHOST, A CREEP, A FRANKENSTEIN!**



... AND STAY OUT!

SLAM!



THUD!

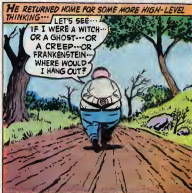
TCH, TCH! I CAN SEE THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HANDLE THIS WHOLE AFFAIR **PERSONALLY!**

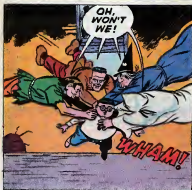


HE RETURNED HOME FOR SOME MORE HIGH-LEVEL THINKING---

LET'S SEE---

IF I WERE A WITCH---OR A GHOST---OR A CREEP---OR FRANKENSTEIN---WHERE WOULD I HANG OUT?



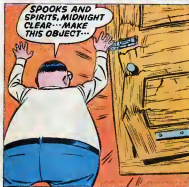


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